With respects from the Author

BRIEF THOUGHTS, &c.

ON

A VIEW

OF THE

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES

OF THE

PRESENT WAR WITH FRANCE,

BY THE

HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. OWEN, PICCADILLY; AND LEE AND HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

THOUGHTS,

&c. &c. &c.

ASTONISHED as I am, that a book, like that now under conſideration, ſhould have run through ſo many editions; I am far more aſtoniſhed that it ſhould ſo long have eſcaped unanſwered—As I think it in every reſpect obnoxious to cenſure, to expoſure, and to ridicule, I ſhall trifle away a little time in examining its contents, in order to hold up to public inſpection the views and purpoſes for which it was written.

There is a certain refinement of art, which borders ſo cloſely on cunning, that it is difficult to be diſtinguiſhed from it; produces all its effects, and is liable to all its detections.

This art is practiſed by a man who ſits down to write on a ſubject in which he is much intereſted; but on which he is to appear perfectly unbiaſſed and unprejudiced.

There is alſo an exceſs of art, which by endeavouring to refine refinement, overturns and expoſes itſelf.

With this art the writer proceeds in his career, ever and anon he breaks forth in premeditated warmth, a warmth which belongs to the character of honeſty alone, and is never felt by a man whoſe chief ſtudy is diſſembling, and whoſe chief aim is ſelf-intereſt.

Under theſe circumſtances he will ſet out with deep thought, and ſeeming careleſſneſs, he will affect moderation and diſclaim perſonality, feeling at the ſame time all the violence of party, and the inveteracy of hatred. For my own part, I do not pretend to be unbiaſſed—I have received certain prejudices which I hope are honeſt; (I do not wiſh to be quit of them) and I will not pretend to be without thoſe feelings on my ſubject, which are a man's only excuſe for a deliberate attack.

I feel hurt to ſee a man, whoſe talents are caſt in the fineſt mould, deigning to become an inſtrument of faction, and unfeelingly to increaſe the pain which his dexterity might have alleviated.

Mr. Erſkine, in his pamphlet, has operated like a malignant ſurgeon on the public mind—he has probed the wounds it has received, but in ſo doing he has put the mind to the keeneſt torture, when he might eaſily have healed it almoſt without pain. With what artful acrimony has he enumerated our burdens, and dwelt on the amplification

plification of our diſtreſſes!—in thus doing he has outwitted himſelf, he has been at work with his refinements, and has at laſt refined ſo far, that he has worn the covering that was to hide his intentions to ſo thin a texture, that it is ſeen through in a moment.

What palpable fallacy and abſurdity are viſible in the midſt of thoſe complaints that are uttered for the people, when we hear particular men lamenting the ruinous conſequences of the war; (thus far they are right who tell us wiſely and ſhrewdly that all *war* is ruinous to *peace*, and that *tranquillity* cannot exiſt amidſt general *commotion*) whilſt at the ſame time that they are pathetically regretting the exhauſted ſtate of our finances, and the falling ſtate of our commerce and manufactures, we behold the one amply and readily ſupplied, and the other opened in new ſources continually, and flouriſhing and encreaſing—(an unexampled and notorious truth) even though ſurrounded by the ſaid fatal and ruinous conſequences of the war.

Notwithſtanding theſe men of weak nerves and low ſpirits (or what is worſe of bad intentions) deſcribe us as ſinking like *Chriſtian* in the *Pilgrim's Progreſs* in the *Slough of Deſpont*, I am firmly of opinion that we are not a whit leſs happy now than we have been for many years before the alledged cauſes of the preſent alledged diſtreſſes knew an exiſtence.

Theſe

Theſe political hypochondriacs, are ſpreading an imaginary gloom over the ſtate of our affairs, and take a melancholy pleaſure in informing a happy and contented people, that they are ſtanding on the verge of a frightful abyſs of national miſery, from which they cannot recede, but by the moſt ſanguinary and violent exertions of deſperacy.

If we look carefully into the productions of ſome of our late pamphleteers, we ſhall find inſtead of that open honeſty, which profeſſion (and indeed at firſt ſight apparent execution) leads us to expect; inſtead of this, I ſay, we ſhall find a cool and deliberate ſyſtem of perſevering malignity—we ſhall find profeſſed good will, apparent zeal, and affected moderation, proſtituted as the coverings to ſecret malignity, inſidious hypocriſy, and diſguiſed violence—we ſhall find copious rhetoric, and prolix declamation, iſſued in accents broken by pretended feeling, and rendered pathetic and intereſting by maſqued vehemence, and crocodile tears.

Let theſe pretended friends, theſe ſecret enemies of our country's tranquillity, remember that every being whom they add to their liſt of advocates—that every fellow creature whom they thus perſuade to be unhappy, may one time or other beſtow on them the due reward of their officious kindneſs, and load them in return for the

gift

gift of wretchedneſs, with the bittereſt and moſt deſerved execrations and curſes.

If it were poſſible to hide or diſguiſe certain inconveniences, would it not be more generous ſo to do, than to exaggerate them by every malicious and crafty addition that miſanthropy can ſuggeſt? Would it not be more humane to procraſtinate the intelligence of bad tidings, than to *force* people to *think* themſelves unhappy by giving them of the tree of knowledge, which perhaps they need never to have taſted?

Not with becoming patience, can I ſee a man with artful ſorrow lamenting the departure of that proſperity which we ſtill poſſeſs, (and ſtill, in deſpite of his inſinuations, are likely to poſſeſs) and ſorrowing that even hope, the ſole friend of the friendleſs, and the laſt reſort of expiring felicity, is cut off—I cannot tamely ſee a man with all the aſſiſtance of fine language and maſterly compoſition, regretting *that national happineſs is for ever flown, and that its enjoyment is now alone the excluſive and melancholy privilege of fancy!!*

Surely whatever may be our grievances, our burdens, and our diſtreſſes; it would be more like true friendſhip to conſole and mitigate them by ſympathy and hope, than thus to throw fuel on a flame which (as theſe people ſay) is already conſuming all around with ſuch ungovernable fury. Should I chuſe, as the moſt eligible office of friendſhip, to go to my aſſociate in affliction, and endeavour

endeavour to augment our real and apparent misfortune by all the aggravations that imagination could ſuggeſt or moroſe bitterneſs dictate? Should I, as the beſt method of conſolation, add falſe rumours of freſh calamities to his accumulated load of ſorrow, already too heavy for him well to bear? Or ſhould I artfully ſuggeſt that it were better to ſtruggle againſt the cauſe (though paſt cure) than to ſubmit patiently and cheerfully to the irremediable effect? No!—I think every man, whoſe intentions are honeſt, would bid his fellow-ſufferer be of good cheer, and ſay, "let us rather bear the ills we have, than fly to "others that we know not of."

It is a very churliſh ſort of philoſophy to go behind a man, whoſe back is bending beneath a heavy burden, and lay on ſlily an increaſe of weight, hypocritically lamenting he is forced to carry ſo much! but yet this is the ſyſtem on which Mr. Erſkine has proceeded I look around me and I ſee none of theſe fatal extremities he deſcribes, I behold none of thoſe ſcenes of wretchedneſs he paints, I find nowhere, as he ſays, the ſinews of the laborious poor, cracking under the burdens already impoſed upon all the neceſſaries of life—and even if they were, would he not be more kind to brace thoſe ſinews by the ſalutary medicine of conſolation, than to thruſt ſorrow down their throats, and enervate them by inactive deſpondency? Without doubt!

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it is not civil to force a man to be miſerable, *malgré lui*, and he is one of thoſe called *a damned good-natured friend*, who forces unwelcome intelligence on a man's ear, and repeats it under cover of oily condolence, every time he meets him in the ſtreet.

Undeniably there is enough of miſery in the world; nobody can ſay, but if we have an inclination to look on the worſt ſide of things, we can always find enough to complain of: but a philanthropiſt will ſearch for nothing but ſuch circumſtances as may cover and diſguiſe the little accidental grievances to which all ſtates and governments, whether civil or domeſtic, are liable. I am not now entering into a vindication of Mr. Pitt's conduct. Mr. Pitt is nothing to me. I am only cenſuring Mr. Erſkine for having adopted a bad method of complaint, which, in its conſequences, may involve the happineſs of our countrymen.

Mr. Erſkine acknowledges, that as he conſiders Mr. Pitt's conduct open to his examination, he conſiders alſo that his own, in oppoſing him, may be equally obnoxious to the animadverſions of others. I thank him for his permiſſion to examine his View. Mr. Erſkine ſets out with exalting highly the character Mr. Pitt bore at his ingreſs to public life, and then goes on, by endeavouring to degrade him in his progreſs; this is good inimical policy; the higher we praiſe the

virtue that a man once poſſeſſed, whom we mean to deſcribe as fallen into vice, the more ſtriking, the more frightful is the contraſt; this is exalting a man that he may be more certainly daſhed to pieces by a fall. But this is the common trick of malevolence, and Mr. Erſkine ſhould not be condemned as the inventor of ſo malignant a deceit.

I would to God the qualities of this great man's mind were as innoxious as they are extenſive, and as uſeful as they are capable of good. But, alas! he is one inſtance in the many, of perverted reaſon; of great powers proſtituted to bad purpoſes, and abſorbed in a vortex of political madneſs, or employed in political deception.

Mr. Erſkine advances, that Mr. Pitt ſet out in life, and paved the way to his future exaltation ("while yet a boy") by expoſing the corruptions of parliament, and aiming at a general reform. He then lays his grand plan of attack on the alteration of his principles reſpecting reform, when he became the miniſter. Now, as Mr. Erſkine expreſsly declares, that Mr. Pitt ſet out in his operations, "while yet a boy," is it wiſe to condemn him for rejecting a plan which mature judgment taught him was impracticable, or more minute inſpection convinced him was unpolitical?

No miniſter who ever lived has ſeen ſuch varieties of changes as have happened during the adminiſtration

adminiſtration of Mr. Pitt; and no miniſter has gone through more important and numerous tranſactions of ſtate buſineſs.

The ſubject of Parliamentary Reform is of that conſequence which ſhould require the whole attention, and conſtitute the whole employment of a miniſter for the time being; and it would be very improvident when the mind of ſuch a man is engroſſed and agitated by perpetually changing objects of importance, to bring forward a ſyſtem of alteration, which embraces conſequences of ſuch magnitude and precarious event.

A doubt has never entered my mind (nor ever will till Mr. Erſkine can eſtabliſh a contrary proof, that when the proper ſeaſon ſhall arrive, Mr. Pitt will exert all the maſterly and commanding ſuperiority that belongs to his character, to reduce the houſes of parliament to their original intention and purity, and make them (what they undoubtedly ought to be) a fair, unbiaſſed, and impartial repreſentation of the people.

Mr. Erſkine, as matter of accuſation, charges the miniſter with having commenced the war, becauſe he was alarmed at the contagion of liberty from France. Could any miniſter, in any age, have a better cauſe of war, with that or any other nation, than to ſhut out ſo virulent a peſtilence? Could he do better than endeavour to cruſh a licentious diſpoſition which France was endeavouring to inoculate into our country, a

diſpoſition pregnant with the moſt dire conſequences, and threatening to involve the moſt dreadful contingencies? Could he act more wiſely than to extirpate the ſeeds of miſchief and diſorder, which the bloody and blood-craving hand of Gallic ſedition was ſowing in the heart of our land? Had this contagion of liberty been the *ſole* cauſe of war, I alledge, he could not have commenced a war on better grounds, and I will abide by my aſſertion, that this country, at this moment, owes its political exiſtence, and not its deſtruction, to the preſent war.

In the name of heaven, was not that liberty, whoſe licentious maw craved royal blood and univerſal ſlaughter, as the food to glut its cannibal and inſatiate hunger, a ſufficient cauſe of dread, and a prevention of its frightful conſequences a ſufficient cauſe of war? If any man will anſwer No! I ſhall lament that the blood-hounds of French liberty have not their willing and welcome perſons to ſacrifice at the butcheries of their inhuman and brutal feſtivals!

I thank my God, that inſtead of ſeeing all the horrors of civil war around me, inſtead of beholding the deſtruction of property and the blood of my countrymen flowing (and theſe would have been the inevitable conſequences of paſſive tameneſs); I thank my God, I ſay, that inſtead of theſe, I hear only the groans of Mr. Erſkine, and the place-craving lamentations of his party.

But

But what ſhews the man more than all, is his mode of condemning the miniſter for his mildneſs in ſuffering ſo many treaſonable ſocieties to exiſt for a length of time unmoleſted.

Undoubtedly, it was a ſtep repugnant to miniſters, to cruſh them from neceſſity at laſt; but the daring inſolence of the London Correſponding Society, which conſiſted in general of a ſet of deſperadoes, not only attracted their notice, but rendered it abſolutely neceſſary to diſperſe them, and the cabinet took proper and effectual ſteps for that purpoſe.

Thus Mr. Erſkine deſcribes this renegade body, which I am confident he cannot eſteem as ſuch as he deſcribes:

" For this purpoſe (that of interrupting ſedi-
" tious meetings) the *honeſt*, but *irregular zeal* of
" ſome ſocieties, inſtituted for *the Reform of Par-*
" *liament*, furniſhed a ſeaſonable but a contempti-
" ble pretext."—And could any time demand ſuch an exertion more than that in which a ruffian mob, proceeding on the principles of French anarchiſts, were threatening to overturn and to deſtroy, not only the adminiſtration, but the government itſelf, and ready to commence the operations of pretended reform by maſſacre and plunder! aſſuredly Mr. Erſkine took his readers for fools, when he ſuppoſed he could

blind

blind them by ſuch arguments as he has advanced on this ſubject.

The royal proclamation iſſued by his Majeſty, on the 20th of May, 1792, was calculated to rouze the thinking part of the nation, and warn them againſt the propagation of French principles, which had here and there eſtabliſhed a dwelling, becauſe they had been allowed, too leniently perhaps, to enter and take ſhelter; but this Mr. Erſkine mentions with an air of condemnation, as if he would not allow that it was high time for ſuch a proclamation, when the ſtandard of treaſon was already erected in our land.

Mr. Erſkine prides himſelf in obſerving, that no conſpiracy had then, or has ſince been *detected*— Mr. Erſkine ſhould be a better counſellor than to adviſe a man to delay caution till the miſchief is done; to delay faſtening his door till the thief has been in and committed his depredations.

I do conceive he has inſerted theſe and ſimilar obſervations (arguments I cannot call them) merely to try, how far it was poſſible to blind an honeſt and good-natured ſet of people, who are too often ready to liſten to the laſt ſpeaker as the beſt orator and the beſt friend.

In every other page of his pamphlet, Mr. Erſkine takes occaſion to tell us, he is not the

advocate

advocate for French principles—he is not defending France—at the ſame time every line he writes about them breathes nothing but one general extenuation of their crimes and errors, and one continued ſigh of ſympathy for their fate and misfortunes—aggrandizing all their reſources through deceptive media, and depreciating our own, in order to degrade us by the compariſon.

At length, after wearying himſelf with complaints, uttered in the voice of deſpondency, he ſays, with all the meekneſs of a good chriſtian, and the cunning of the ſerpent of old—" I would " rather from humanity invoke the patience of " God and man, than invite or direct their ven- " geance"—How ill aſſimilates his general language and palpable intentions with this declaration! how much honour would ſuch a ſentiment have done him, had he allowed us by general conſiſtency to believe him! but alas! the pleaſing deluſion is found to be no more than deluſion, and we have nothing left but to lament it.

Among thoſe whoſe outcries for peace were conſtant and vehement, no one was more audible or more frequent than Mr. Erſkine; yet out of gratitude to miniſters, for having liſtened ſo far to the wiſhes of ſome of the people as to condeſcend to ſue for peace with France, he takes the

opportunity

opportunity not only to cenſure their conduct in general, but in this inſtance in particular.

" We now ſue for peace," ſays he, " and we " ſue for it in vain, aſking for peace in France " under the preſſure of neceſſity, created by our " own folly."—Yes! by the folly of thoſe whoſe clamours and vociferations have made it neceſſary for miniſters to aſk it, and not by the folly of miniſters themſelves in the conduct and progreſs of the negociation.

I ſhall not enter into a critical inſpection of dates and political aſſertions reſpecting the cauſes and progreſs of our war with France—ſeveral of the latter bear marks of the moſt cruel perverſion on the ſurface, and ſeveral of the former (I bluſh for Mr. Erſkine's credit to ſay ſo) bear ſtrong appearance of inaccuracy.

If I was inclined to controvert every falſe aſſertion or palpable perverſion I ſhould collect a volume of twice the ſize of Mr. Erſkine's pamphlet; but I ſhall content myſelf with diffuſing my brief opinions of his book in general, and the general intentions of his book among thoſe who are likely to be injured by it, and for that purpoſe (which I deem a much more benevolent one than his) ſhall diſtribute them largely, wherever his imaginary grievances are likely to be felt—If I have not the pride to ſee my production

duction iſſue forth through *twenty-five editions*, I ſhall at leaſt have the pleaſure to know that none will feel any additional pang of my ſuggeſting, and if adverſe principles induce ſome of my readers to condemn my opinions, every one muſt acknowledge at leaſt my intentions have been good.

One or two inſtances I muſt ſelect from the many, in which the appearances of modeſt aſſurance, egregious miſconſtruction, or purpoſed miſrepreſentation, are moſt ſtriking.

Modeſt aſſurance—" I flatter myſelf the people " of England will not haſtily believe, that I have " ever been actuated in my public conduct by " intereſt or ambition!!!"

————" Upon this principle I deſire " to aſk, whether Great Britain, under the di- " rection of *her preſent councils*, can expect from " France, &c. &c. &c."—this, like many other ſentences, beſpeaks his modeſty and humility—he means ſimply to hint that nobody but himſelf and his friends can make a peace, and that if Mr. Pitt's party is thruſt out, his can come in, and do the buſineſs—Here is the ſelf ſame gentle hint continued with equal modeſty:

" I have no more doubt than I entertain of my " own exiſtence, that if France ſaw *a change in* " *the Britiſh councils*, and with that change a con- " ſequent renunciation of the ſyſtem which pro-

" duced the war, and which, though no longer " avowed, notoriouſly obſtructs its termination, " the face of things would be entirely altered. " The conſequences of *our miſguided councils*," " &c. &c.—If Mr. Erſkine did not plead ſo hard for his party, he would be leſs underſtood and more attended to.

The egregious miſconſtructions appear in every page, therefore we need not ſelect ſingle inſtances.

Purpoſed miſrepreſentation.

———" Soon after this, the unhappy " King of France was deprived of the functions " of government, and Lord Gower was recalled " from Paris; but M. Chauvelin was ſtill con- " tinued by France at the Court of London, al- " though he was no longer acknowledged as her " ambaſſador: *a pretty ſtrong proof that ſhe was not " then deſirous of ſeeking a cauſe of quarrel!!*" What proof, for God's ſake?—It is no proof whatever —certain it is, he could more eſſentially ſerve the cauſe in which he was employed by remaining here, as long as he was permitted, in the capacity, not of a miniſter but of a ſpy.—The fact is too well known to need further proofs, that during his ſtay in London, his houſe was the general reſort of the diſaffected party, and his time was employed in encouraging the diſſemination of diſcontents, and even in endeavours to

purchaſe

purchaſe our daily prints to promulgate the intereſt of French principles!—Again,

——" Before this period," (that of the King of France's murder) " France was undoubtedly ſolicitous for peace."—When men have ſome prepoſterous falſhood to advance, it is the common effort of policy, to decorate and diſguiſe it in ſuch a manner that it may not be detected. But lo! here is an unqualified aſſertion, an unbluſhing falſhood, ſent forth without decoration or diſguiſe, or any covering ſoever, to hide its nakedneſs! — Had not France, long ere this, thrown the gauntlet to ſurrounding nations, by erecting the ſtandard of licentious liberty in her land, and declaring ſhe would eſpouſe all republican efforts, and oppoſe all monarchical power? Had ſhe not declared war unequivocally with the Engliſh conſtitution, by ſending into England her emiſſaries, loaded with the ſeeds of her own principles, which being ſcattered abroad were to annihilate and overthrow in their growth the conſtitution and the country? Were theſe ſymptoms of pacific intentions? Were theſe the circumſtances that proved them ſolicitous for peace?—" I deſire only to be reſpected or deſ-
" piſed, to be conſidered as a man of common
" ſenſe, or a madman, as *the fair public* voice of
" England is *even now* prepared to anſwer theſe
" queſtions." Among the many barefaced and

common-ſenſe inſulting arguments Mr. Erſkine advances, are ſeveral urged with intention to prove that miniſters have acted to the prejudice of our country, and have cauſed the war, by not having, *ab origine*, eſpouſed, ſided with, and encouraged France in the propagation of her mad-headed republican theories.—I could cry ſhame on ſuch a mean artifice to entrap popular weakneſs. Will not every man of common ſenſe, whether miniſterial or oppoſing miniſters, acknowledge that to have aided and abetted France at that period, would have been the certain cauſe of revolution here, and have brought over all the horrors and diſaſters which the French revolution had witneſſed? Is it not encouraging robbery to eſpouſe a robber; and giving ſanction to murder to harbour a cut-throat?

I have now done—If I ſuffer myſelf to go on, I ſhall become as prolix and as tedious as Mr. Erſkine—If Mr. Erſkine were an ignorant blockhead, I would pardon him, like any other ignorant blockhead for what he has written; but as I know he *is* no fool, and has ſhewn himſelf in his arguments ſo like one, I muſt think he is a great deal worſe than a fool.—If it were poſſible he could think as he tries to make others think, I would excuſe his errors, pity him, and even allow him credit for honeſt weakneſs; but I would almoſt ſtake my temporal and eternal exiſtence,

exiſtence, that he does not, on this ſcore, deſerve my pity and excuſe.

The littleneſſes he has condeſcended to ſhew; the petty miſconſtructions, the paltry equivocations, and palpable pervertions he has diſcovered, excite by turns my indignation and contempt. He has powers equal to a higher occupation, and is ſtrong enough without trying to borrow ſtrength from meanneſs; but when I ſee him trifling thus with energy, I regard him as a great giant who has loſt the uſe of his limbs.

If Mr. Erſkine meant to do good, he has miſtaken the way—to diſſeminate diſcontents is not the way "to approximate *men* to *men*;" but his book has been the vehicle for flattery, and that may approximate particular men to *him*. Praiſes to his party indeed have not been ſpared—Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Grey, come in ſucceſſively for their quota of exaltation, and if they were to write a pamphlet together, I doubt not, from the ſample, they would ſing a *laudamus* to one another.

Mr. Erſkine has been labouring to injure that public confidence and peace, which if it ſhould ever ſerve his purpoſe, he will not find eaſy to recal. The tenement of the public mind was in good repair, and buſy men have been ſapping the foundation—If I was called in like a ſurveyor, to view the miſchief they have done, I

ſhould

ſhould eſtimate the quantum of dilapidation at the entire deſtruction of all that public tranquillity which is miſſed, and all thoſe apprehenſions which we occaſionally feel.

I now haſten to the very daring and undiſguiſed concluſion of a very ſubtle and often well-cloaked work: it runs thus—" There is one further and " laſt example to be derived to future ages from " the preſent fortunes of Great Britain, *which it* " *reſts with the people of England to furniſh to the* " *world.* By coming forward at this moment, " with *prudence* and *with order*, with a *ſubmiſſion* " *which wiſdom dictates to every people to their eſtab-* " *liſhed government, but with a firmneſs which at the* " *ſame time reminds that government, that it exiſts* " *only for their benefit, and by their conſent*, they may " yet preſerve their country. This *majeſtic* and " *commanding* conduct, will demonſtrate to future " times, and to other nations, that there is no " ſtate of adverſity which ought to reduce a " great people to deſpair; that national adver- " ſity cannot even exiſt for any long ſeaſon, but " from *wicked miſgovernment*, and *ſhameful ſubmiſ-* " *ſion to it*; and that the advantage of our free " conſtitution *(well worthy of all the blood that has* " *been ſhed for it; and which may yet be ſhed to pre-* " *ſerve it)* is, that it poſſeſſes within itſelf the " means of its reformation; inſuring to its ſub- " jects the exemption from revolution, the worſt

" of

" of all poſſible evils, except that confirmed " eſtabliſhment of TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION " FOR WHICH THERE IS NO OTHER CURE." I will not animadvert on this inflammatory concluſion; for I am of opinion it ſhould be nowhere diſcuſſed but at the Old Bailey, to which court I am in great hopes it will yet be brought.

I finiſh my reflections with entreating my countrymen to be united and peaceable, and to pay no attention to the crafty inſinuations of deſigning men, who have private ends and not public good, for the object of their unremitting perſecution of miniſters and abuſe of public meaſures —with beſeeching my fellow-ſubjects to be as firmly united in oppoſing the internal and more crafty enemy, as the daring and inſulting foe, who threatens our iſland with invaſion.

FINIS.